

because of the great affliction that was delivered him by Hanani and others which caused him to weep and mourn certain days with fasting and prayer to the God of heaven that he might be permitted to take this journey, and he was successful because he continued in prayer to God while his enemies scoffed. And now today we have one who was far greater than Nehemiah, who came on the journey of our heavenly Father into this world that we who were and are willing, like the servant Nehemiah, to ask permission through prayer and fasting can be permitted to follow him on his journey out of this world beyond the grave into everlasting life, where there are no broken walls to rebuild, no enemies to scoff, no weepings and nothing to mar the brightness of our joy and happiness. And dear friends, Jesus has left with us letters that will take us beyond the river of death and armies of angels to guide us through the dark hour of trial. As the king gave Nehemiah letters, captains of armies and horsemen to guide him beyond the river on his way to Jerusalem. Now to obtain this let us read the first chapter of Nehemiah, especially the fifth verse reads as follows: And said, I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love him and observe his commandments. Here is the key to the journey of eternal life. Jesus has told us his Father's will and said if we loved him we would keep his commandments and remember to do them. As I sit here this Lord's day afternoon in the midst of songs of birds and with the turn of my head can behold the journey of springtime at hand bringing before us promising futures of plenty to feed these wild bodies of ours. How little do you or I know how long our journey of life shall be. Possibly not as long as the king allotted to Nehemiah to finish his journey, for Jesus has said, today is ours, and that the night cometh wherein no man can work. Therefore we should all walk by faith on the journey each day toward everlasting life to the city of the New Jerusalem, whose maker and builder is God. Where walls will not be broken down and thieves neither break through and steal.

Oh, if we would be just as faithful on this eternal journey as we are sometimes to make preparations for a few days' journey here on earth, at the same time no assurance that we will live to start a short journey and get back home. It seems to me we would all want to talk more about this important journey. If our minds could be awakened to the necessity of our preparation to reach our heavenly home. It is said of a captain of an ocean vessel who wanted to make his journey so accurate and prompt saw the signal of distress some distance off. A glass was turned to the spot and it was seen there was only one man on a piece of wreck. To go to his rescue the ship would have to be stopped and turned back in her course losing much time. "No," said the captain, "some other vessel will pick him up." He speeded on and was in port in good time and was com-

mended for his swift passage. But he could not get out of his mind the memory of that signal of distress out there on the wild seas, and the sight through the glass of that one man on the piece of wreck left there to perish. By day and night that picture haunted him. As we hurry on the busy journey of life here, let us pray God to help us be concerned more about our eternal journey. Do we not see signals of distress on life's broad sea? Do we hear no cries, no bitter wails from souls that are out on the angry waves? Or do we hurry on and say we have no time for these things? Oh, let us turn away from our business, our pleasure, our sin, our money getting, our petty ambitions, to rescue those souls that are perishing, or that are in sorrow, as we journey on our way to the home on high. Every one that God will help us to rescue, he will give a star to our crown.

New Market, Va.

Making the Best of It

"What a dreary day this is!" said the old gray goose to the brown hen, as they stood at the hen-house window, and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farm-yard.

"Yes, indeed!" answered the brown hen. "I would almost be willing to be made into chicken pie on such a dismal day."

She had scarcely stopped talking when a Pekin duck said, fretfully. "I am dreadfully hungry;" and a little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus, "And we're so thirsty!"

In fact the feathered folk in the hen-house were very much inclined to be cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them, early in the morning, they had been given nothing either to eat or drink; and, as hour after hour went by, and the cold winter wind howled about their house, it is no wonder they felt deserted.

The handsome white rooster, however, appeared quite as happy as usual, and that is saying a great deal: for a jollier, better-natured old fellow than he never graced a barn-yard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him; and he crowed quite as lustily under any and all circumstances.

"Well," said he, laughing heartily as his bright eyes glanced about the hen-house, "you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps."

The only reply to this remark was a faint cluck or two from some meek-appearing hens, who immediately put their respective heads back under their wings, as though ashamed to have spoken at all.

This indifference was quite too much for the owner of the white plumage, who, standing first on one yellow foot and then on the other, turning his head from side to side, said:

"Well, we are a lively set. Anyone would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes, and that life depended on keeping mum."

Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch, and,

strutting pompously over to the big white rooster, created quite a stir among the feathered stock by saying:

"We're all lively enough when our crops are full; but, when we are starving to death, the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot!"

"You won't see him until he feeds us, and then I guess you'll peck his corn," was the reply.

"Oh, oh!" moaned the brown hen; "don't mention a peck of corn."

"Madam," remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, "your trouble is my own; that is, I'm hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven't had enough to eat today; at least we have room enough to stretch our wings."

"Why, that is a fact!" she answered. And all the feathered people, the smallest chickens included, stretched their wings, adjusted their feathers, and looked a little more animated.

"Now then," continued the rooster, "suppose we have a little music to help pass the hours away before roosting time. We will all crow. There, I beg your pardon, ladies; I am sorry you can't crow. We will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, dear Mrs. Brown Hen?"

The brown hen, thus appealed to, shook herself proudly, tossed her head back, and began in a musical soprano, "Cut cut cut ka dak cut;" and in less than two minutes every one in the hen-house joined her.

Now the horses, cows and sheep were not far away; and, hearing the happy voices in the hen-house, they, too, joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to out-sing them all.

Higher and higher, stronger and stronger rose the chorus. Louder and louder quacked the ducks, and shriller and shriller squaled the pigs.

So interested and happy did the feathered people become that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the hen-house burst open, and in came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was so snugly bundled up that her dear little face was scarcely visible. "You see, we were so lonesome we didn't know what to do; but, when we heard all you folk singing out here in your house, we laughed and laughed until we pretty near cried. Then we went to tell Jack about you. He was lonesome, too—poor Jack's sick with the sore throat—an' he said, 'Why those poor hens! they haven't been fed since morning.'"

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!" said the rooster; and nobody asked him to stop crowing.—*The Outlook.*

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.—*Bishop Hopkins.*